And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A buſineſſe that this night may execute:)
To morrow, cooſen Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worceſter, will ſet forth
To meet your father, and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed vs, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his helpe theſe fourteene daies:
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawn together
Your tenants, friends, & neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteale, & take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hot. Me thinks, my moity North fro Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe moone, a monſtrous ſcantle out:
Ile haue the current in this place damnd vp,
And here the ſmug and ſiluer Trent ſhall run
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It ſhall not wind, with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke, how he beares his courſe, and runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much, as on the other ſide, it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northſide, win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtraight, and euen.

Hot. Ile haue it ſo, a little charge will doe it.

Glen. Ile not haue it altred.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen.

Glen. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeake it in W

Glen. I can ſpeake Engliſh, Lord, as well as you,
For, I was traind vp in the Engliſh Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an Engliſh ditty, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament:
A vertue, that was neuer ſeene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it, with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a braſen canſticke turnd,
Or a drie wheele grate on the axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.

Glen. Come, you ſhall haue Trent turnd.

Hot. I do not care, ile giue thrice ſo much land,
To any well deſeruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the Indentures drawne? ſhall we be gone?

Glen. The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by nigh

Ile haſte the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit.*

Mor. Fie, cooſen Percy, how you croſſe my father.

Hot. I cannot chuſe, ſometime he angers me
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies:
And, of a Dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulten rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt night, at leaſt, nine houres,
In reckoning vp the ſeuerall diuels names